THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."—ACTS XXII: 16.

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A MORMON BATTALION VETERAN.

ANOTHER Battalion veteran, Elder Ephraim K. Hanks, has gone home to enjoy the reward of the righteous.

Like the Prophet Joseph and others he had remarkable faith and power in healing the sick. He would rebuke sickness and disease without ever touching the afflicted; a silent prayer to the Father, and he could accomplish almost anything he desired for the benefit of others. The sick all over the country had so much faith in him that if he could only administer to them, they were healed; even the Indians would bring their sick for a hundred miles for Brother Hanks to administer to them and they were invariably made whole.

On one occasion about thirty came to be healed. It was fast day in February, 1893. He had them all fast and come to meeting. Quite a number of them spoke, desiring him to be their father, as they didn't have any now that Brother Thurber was dead. He told them that he would, and then he and his sons administered to them and they were healed.

Brother Ephraim K. Hanks was born the 21st of March, 1826, at Madison, Lake County, Ohio. He left home at the age of sixteen and became a sailor on a man-of-war, where he was compelled to stay for three years. After being released he returned home, only visiting a short time, and then started off again.

After going a short distance on his journey afoot he came to where the road forked, and where he was stopped from further pressing his journey by some unseen hand, at the same time bursting into tears, a thing he had not done for years. He tried three times to go on but was prevented, so he returned home again, where he found his brother Alvaris Hanks, from Nauvoo, who had joined the Mormons.

That evening there was a debate between his brother Alvaris and some

ministers, the latter talking so abusively that Brother Ephraim ordered them out of his mother's house, much to the dismay of that good old lady.

Next morning, sitting on the granary doorsteps, he had a long talk with his Mormon brother about the Gospel, and being favorably impressed, concluded to go with him to Nauvoo. One of the first things he witnessed on arriving there was the men working on the temple, with only parched corn to eat. He was taken very sick and the Elders were called in and he was healed, which was in fulfillment of a dream he had had previously. He believed in the Gospel from the first, and was baptized by Horace S. Eldredge; the unseen hand directing him all the time.

Brother Hanks endured the hardships of the exodus from Nauvoo and was one of the volunteers of the Battalion in 1846, being twenty years old. He shared all the hardships of the Battalion's tedious journey. After returning from California he married Harriet Decker, by whom he had four sons and three daughters.

Hale and hearty, fearing nothing but the displeasure of his God, he entered into the contract with F. Little and C. F. Decker to carry the U. S. mail from Salt Lake City to Laramie, at that time a very trying and dangerous undertaking. He also carried mail to California afoot on snow shoes when the snow was six feet deep and more, in the perilous times of Indian troubles, passing right by Lake Tahoe.

At the time the handcart companies were in such trouble, he was employed in fishing on Utah Lake. An angel came to him one night and told him to go to the aid of a handcart company Next morning he was ready to start. The great work he accomplished on that mission, those of the company alone know and appreciate.

There seemed to be nothing impossible for him to do, on occasions of healing. God gave him power to raise the dead, heal the sick, cure frozen limbs, etc. On his way to aid the handcart companies he killed some buffalo and after distributing the meat among the suffering Saints, went to work healing the afflicted and cheering the downcast. So wonderful were his healings that they gave him the title of Dr. Hanks.

He was also one that was sent to meet Johnson's army, when President Young's orders were not to shed a drop of blood.—*Extract from an obituary notice by M. E. Hanks, published in the Deseret News.*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SALT LAKE CITY.

Those who have the direction of the affairs of the school system of Salt Lake City have with remarkable unanimity been the advocates of the most modern and efficient methods of instruction and discipline. Progress and high grade work have ever been recognized as leading to the best results. In order that these conditions might obtain, school buildings and facilities better than which there are none in the United States have been provided.

Population considered, Salt Lake City can probably eclipse any other in the Union for the number of its children. Last year, according to the Territorial census, the city's total population was 48,076, a rather low

and disappointing showing to be sure, but nevertheless one that must be accepted until another is taken. The number of school children between the years of six and eighteen reached the astonishing figure of 12,540, which is more than one-fourth of the inhabitants of the municipality. This year the number is sure to exceed 13,000. From this showing it will be readily seen that there is something more than tradition in the belief of an absolute certainty of a non-failure of "Utah's best crop."

The per cent. of school population enrollment in the public schools of this city is about 92.0; the per cent. of the city's population thus enrolled is 22.6 per cent. This brief showing tells a story of which public school patrons have just cause to be proud. The right, they will perceive, is doubly theirs when they draw the tell-tale parallel furnished by the following compilation of a comparison of the ratios of other cities made recently:

Various Divisions.	Number of Cities considered.	Ratio of enrollment to population of City.
North Atlantic	310	15.1
South Atlantic	61	14.1
South Central	71	12.3
North Central	325	14.7
Western	50	14.
Average of United States	817	14.6
Salt Lake City	1	22.6

There must be some reason for this phenomenal showing for Salt Lake City. The question arises, what is it? The answer is short and simple and may be grouped under these heads: General desire for education; efficiency of method and discipline. The teaching corps during the year that has just closed numbered about two hundred and thirty-five. When the present summer's vacation is over at least two hundred and fifty will be engaged for the coming year.

Salt Lake City as a city owns school property valued at more than a million dollars. This, of course, includes buildings and furnishings. The buildings are up-to-date edifices in all particulars. They are heated, lighted and ventilated by the latest methods. In their construction the health, comfort and progress of pupils were all considered. The most satisfactory results have followed. Cuts of our best buildings have been published in the foremost educational journals of the country and invariably pointed to as architectural and sanitary triumphs.

This is an age of unparalleled advancement. In none of the fields of progress is this fact more patent than is that of higher education. By the influence of rapidly disseminated intelligence darkness is being driven from the minds of mankind. And as it disappears the value of colleges and universities is more and more appreciated. This is true of Salt Lake City and Utah, as it is of the older commonwealths in different parts of the country. The University of Utah is an attestation of that fact. It is an institution that is dear to the hearts of the people of the new State. Many of her brightest sons and daughters drank deeply from the fountains of knowledge within its walls. It had its birth in an enactment of the

provisional government of the State of Deseret in 1850. It is legally recognized as the head of the public school system of Utah. Its curricula is a continuation of the work of the common and high schools. The only normal school maintained in Utah, under the public school system, is united with the University. The chemical and physical laboratories of the latter are equipped with some of the best apparatus ever manufactured. This is used principally in the Deseret Museum building, the depository of vast and valuable museum collections, some of the specimens of which are used in the teaching of geology, mineralogy, lithology, paleontology, metallurgy, zoology, botony and archaeology. The university has stepped into the first ranks of similar institutions. It is very ably presided over by James E. Talmage, D. Sc. D., Ph. D., F. R. S. (Edin.), F. G. S., who, with a competent board of regents, directs its affairs.

Besides the free public school system, a brief idea of which has been given, Salt Lake has a number of excellent denominational institutions such as St. Mary's Academy, the Latter-day Saints' College, All Hallows College and others. This class of institutions is to be further augmented in the near future by the founding of the Sheldon Jackson college, the site of which has already been purchased in one of the most desirable parts of the city. Its erection will be another valuable acquisition to the intermountain West, as its promoters promise that it shall be high-grade in all respects. But this is not all the city has to offer its sons and daughters in the hope that they become pillars of strength and agents of usefulness in society. There are a number of well equipped business and shorthand colleges, gymnasiums and reading-rooms where leisure moments can be profitably passed and where the mental, moral and physical endowments of its people may be developed. The metropolis of Utah is fast becoming a recognized educational center and the time is not far distant when it will be able to furnish the whole intermountain West with teachers. As Brooklyn enjoys the distinction of being the city of churches, so let it be known that Salt Lake is a city of schools.—JOHN E. HANSON, *in the Argus.*

PIONEER WOMAN GONE.

THERE were laid to rest on August 7, in the quiet little cemetery at Pleasant Grove, Utah, the remains of a most estimable and beloved woman whose life has covered a remarkable period of the world's history, and whose individual experiences have been in many instances of a most thrilling character. Further especial interest on the part of the people of Utah centers in her career from the fact that she has been associated with Utah from the beginning of settlement here, and for many years previously with the people that furnished the Pioneers. For about sixty-three years her lot has been cast with the Mormon people; she has been an active participant in the trials and hardships they were compelled to endure in the darkest periods of their history; she was herself a pioneer of 1847 in Utah; and in all the scenes she has passed through, this humble, unassuming, intelligent, devoted woman has declared her knowledge of the Divine power in what is called Mormonism—that it is the Gospel of

Christ. The venerable mother in Israel whose body was followed to the grave yesterday was Sister Margaret M. Foutz, aged ninety-five years.

Sister Foutz was born in 1801, and her life covers the events of the most progressive century the world has noted. From 1834 her lot was cast with the Saints, often in the most perilous places. She was with them in Missouri, in Illinois, and came with the companies immediately following the Pioneers, reaching the Salt Lake valley in 1847, and remaining in Utah since then. For a number of years previous to her death she has been at the head of five living generations, and at the time of her demise had 217 direct descendants.

One of the most thrilling experiences of her life, although she passed through many of an extremely trying character, was that at Haun's Mill, Missouri, in October, 1838. This was one of the massacres of Latter-day Saints by mobocrats, where a Revolutionary soldier, Thomas McBride, was hacked to pieces with a corncutter; where two of the victims were boys 9 and 10 years of age; and where other and nameless atrocities were committed by the mob. Here is what Sister Foutz says of that occurrence:

This we did, without taking anything to keep us warm; and had we been fleeing from the scalping knife of the Indian we would not have made greater haste. And as we ran from house to house, gathering as we went, we finally numbered about forty or fifty women and children. We ran about three miles into the woods, and there huddled together, spreading what few blankets or shawls we chanced to have on the ground for the children; and there we remained until 2 o'clock the next morning, before we heard anything of the result of the firing at the mill. Who can imagine our feelings during this dreadful suspense? And when the news did come, oh! what terrible news? Fathers, brothers and sons, inhumanly butchered. We now took up the line of march for home. Alas! What a home! Who would we find there? And now, with our minds full of the most fearful forebodings, we retraced those three long dreary miles. As we were returning I saw a brother, Myers, who had been shot through his body. In that dreadful state he crawled on his hands and knees about two miles, to his home. After I arrived at my house with my children, I hastily made a fire to warm them, and then started for the mill, about one mile distant. My children would not remain at home, saying, "If father and mother are going to be killed, we want to be with them." It was about 7 o'clock in the morning when we arrived at the mill. In the first house I came to there were three dead men. One, a Brother McBride, was a terrible sight to behold, having been cut and chopped, and horribly mangled, with a corn cutter. I hurried on, looking for my husband, and found him in an old house, covered with some rubbish. My husband had been shot in the thigh. I rendered him all the assistance I could, but it was evening before I could get him home. I saw thirteen more dead bodies at the shop, and witnessed the beginning of the burial, which consisted in throwing the bodies into an old dry well. Oh! what a change one short day had brought! Here were my friends, dead and dying; one in particular asked me to give him relief by taking a hammer and knocking his brains out, so great was his agony. And we knew not what moment our enemies would be upon us again. And all this, not because we had broken any law—on the contrary, it was a part of our religion to keep the laws of the land. In the evening Brother Evans got a team and conveyed my husband to his house, carried him in, and placed him on a bed. I then had to attend him alone, without any doctor or any one to tell me what to do. Six days afterwards I, with my husband's assistance, extracted the bullet, it being buried deep in the thick part of the thigh,

and flattened like a knife. During the first ten days mobbers, with blackened faces, came every day, cursing and swearing like demons from the pit, and declaring that they would "kill that d—d old Mormon preacher."

Those who were associated with the deep trials and heroic faithfulness attending the establishment of the Church, and of the settlement of these mountain vales, are dropping from the ranks of the people, weary in body from the long and gallant struggle. But the sublime, unwavering heroism they displayed in the cause they had espoused and in which they triumphed remains in history, a shining example to the youth of Zion. The courage and devotion of woman no less than that of man stands forth in brightness in the record of the Saints, to lead succeeding generations to like fidelity in a glorious cause. The true and tried veterans are passing to the other side to receive the reward of their faithfulness ever to death; may the generations that succeed them and now are active in life's battle have a record as bright and unsullied at the close of their mortal day as do their fathers and mothers.—*Deseret News.*

FACTS AND EVENTS.

The biggest bug in the world is the elephant beetle, a full-grown one weighing about half a pound. It flourishes in Venezuela.

The smallest typewriter in the world in practical use is said to be at Denver. As described, it is made of aluminum and is 2½ inches in diameter, ¾ inch deep and weighs complete but 3½ ounces. An ordinary watch is of about the same size and weight. Its mechanism is very simple. Fifty characters are on the watch face-like keyboard, while the type bars radiate from the centre. A single key, which is placed over the particular letter desired to be printed and then pressed, forms the means of operation. A piece of felt is used as the ribbon. The entire machine is attatched to a writing pad by means of a clamp when in use. High speed is not claimed, yet it can be operated sufficiently fast for ordinary purposes.

If inventions continue to multiply at the present rate, the day may speedily come when man will have to sit with folded arms while his work and even his pleasures are turned out for him by nickel in the slot devices. Science has lately given us a marvel in the shape of a card-counting machine. Two of the most interesting automata now working within the limits of the United States are those used by the Government for counting and tying postal cards into small bundles. These machines were made in Connecticut, and the two are capable of counting 500,000 cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying the same in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off a drum by two long "fingers" which come up from below, and another finger dips in a vat of mucilage and applies itself to the wrapping paper in exactly the right spot. Other parts of the machine twine the paper around the pack of cards and then a "thumb" presses over the spot where the mucilage is, and the package is thrown upon a carry belt ready for delivery.

A pet theory of the day is that warfare in the future would be attended by such an appalling loss of life that all nations will refrain from it. Capt. F. N. Maude, a British military engineer, declares, however, that the records of the last three centuries prove such an idea to be utterly unjustified. The losses in battle have depended primarily on the quality of the troops, and have been small until—as at Waterloo or in the closing engagements of the great rebellion—the men have become thoroughly trained in war. The world's armies have to-day no war-seasoned veterans to spread destruction greater than has hitherto been known. Improvement in weapons, moreover, has actually tended

to diminish the risk, as fighting must now be done at a greatly increased range, and the perfection of the modern rifle makes necessary great precision of aim, whereas the inaccuracy of the old musket—at 200 yards instead of 500 or 1,000—corrected the error in aim in a large proportion of the shots fired. Mathematical calculation shows, in fact, that 1,000 times as many rounds would be necessary now to produce the effect of the leaden storm that devastated the old British line in Peninsular days, while our guns fire only five times as fast. Still another factor that would tend to reduce bloodshed in a modern conflict is the lack of excitement at long range, and the consequent greater nervous strain this would induce.

It is an old story now that the aeronauts of the day have abandoned the search for light materials and buoyant gases in attempts on aerial navigation. The flimsiness and large area of exposure that attend the use of such means place the aeronaut at the mercy of the elements. Their hope now lies in the principle of the oyster shell which boys sail to such gratifying distances with comparatively small muscular effort, and the law which accounts for soaring birds like the buzzard. Professor Langley, Mr. Maxim, and Herr Lilienthal are one in their reliance on this aeroplane theory. The mechanical peculiarity of the aeroplane's motions is similar to the gliding of a rapid skater over thin ice—the faster he goes the less danger is there of sinking. So Professor Langley has used in the building of this last and most successful machine, substances actually a thousand times heavier than the air which promised to support them, and he relies entirely on the extensive area of planes, shaped something like the wings of a hawk, and their angle to the currents of air, to achieve buoyancy. The oyster-shell analogy affords luminous explanation to every man who remembers the ecstacy of seeing the white disc soar away and up long after the earth should, by all experiences of stone-throwing, have claimed her own. The flatter and thinner the shell within the limits of weight, the more astonishing the flight that resulted, unless the edge of the missile were inclined downward instead of slightly upward. In the former case the shell darted instantly to earth, and the throw fell as much short of the average heaving of a pebble as the more scientific akim would have exceeded it.

It has been said that the history of Western civilization is written in Western physiognomy. I am not sure (says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*) whether this is true. But it is interesting to study Western facial expression through Oriental eyes. I have frequently amused myself by showing European or American illustrations to Japanese children and hearing their artless comments upon the faces therein depicted. A complete record of these comments might prove to have value as well as interest, but for present purposes I shall offer only the results of two experiments. The first was with a little boy nine years old, before whom, one evening, I placed several numbers of an illustrated magazine. After turning over a few of the pages, he exclaimed, "Why do foreign artists like to draw horrible things?" "What horrible things?" I inquired. "These," he said, pointing to a group of figures representing voters at the polls. "Why, those are not horrible," I answered; "we think those drawings very good." "But the faces! There cannot really be such faces in the world." "We think those are ordinary men. Really horrible faces we very seldom draw." He stared in surprise, evidently suspecting that I was not in earnest. To a little girl of eleven I showed some engravings representing famous European beauties. "They do not look bad," was her comment. "But they seem so much like men, and their eyes are so big! Their mouths are pretty." The mouth signifies a great deal in Japanese physiognomy, and the child was in this regard appreciative. I then showed her some drawings from life, in a New York periodical. She asked, "Is it true that there are people like those pictures?" "Plenty," I said. "Those are good, common faces, mostly country folk, farmers." "Farmers! They are like *Oni* [demons] from the *jigoku* [Buddhist hell]." "No," I answered, "there is nothing very bad in these faces. We have faces in the West very much worse." "Only to see them," she exclaimed, "I should die! I do not like this book." I set before her a Japanese picture-book a book of views of the Tokaido. She clapped her hands joyfully, and pushed my half-inspected foreign magazine out of the way.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

THERE is an old proverb that says, "He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it is not wise." In meaning it is about the same as, and probably was paraphrased from the proverb of Solomon: "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him." It might also be wisely said that it is folly to judge a matter before understanding it. The Savior, upon one occasion in rebuking the Jews for finding fault with Him, said "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

Unless a man is acquainted with the intentions or motives of another he is not capable of fairly criticising his actions, because he can only judge by appearances, and appearances are often deceiving and misleading. One man is therefore seldom in a condition to pass righteous judgment upon the actions of another person without investigating the cause of the latter's actions. A person may even commit a wrong and yet not be deserving of censure unless his intention was to do wrong; for it is possible through an error of judgment or through the intervention of unforeseen circumstances to do harm while seeking to do good.

Very frequently it happens that one's action is misinterpreted by those who judge by what they see, without making inquiry into the real object or intent of the one performing the act. There is an old story that well illustrates the folly of judging by appearances. As the story runs, one evening a parson and his wife were startled by the appearance of a rat in the room where they were quietly sitting. Not liking the intruder's presence the parson tried to kill it by beating it with a stick. In the meantime his wife, being frightened, screamed aloud. A neighbor's girl, hearing the screams and seeing on the window blind the shadow of the parson with a raised stick, decided at once that the couple had got into a quarrel and the parson was whipping his wife. Soon the report of the parson's unbecoming conduct was spread through the neighborhood; and it was not long before the parson himself heard the gossip that was circulating about him. He at once proceeded to find out if possible who it was that started the false report, and was successful in tracing it back to where it originated—to the neighbor's daughter, who declared she saw him striking his wife with a club, or at least saw the shadow cast upon the window blind, and heard the woman's shrieks. This she thought was sufficient proof that the parson was guilty of the shocking offense with which she had charged him; and it was upon this evidence that she had

started the rumor. When the parson recalled his experience with the rat he could account for the origin of the girl's story.

The Latter-day Saints have often had their motives misconstrued by unwise and unfriendly critics, and have thereby been subjected to misrepresentation. A great deal of the persecution they have received has also resulted from this cause; for not all the abuse they have suffered has been brought upon them by those who have wilfully maligned them. Realising these facts, the Saints themselves should be particular to guard against criticising one another and judging of one another's motives. Especially should they be careful about judging and condemning those who are in authority without being acquainted with the motives that prompt their actions. The Savior's admonition should be heeded by all: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." E. F. P.

ARRIVALS.—Elder Andrew Jenson arrived in Liverpool on September 1, 1896. He is engaged on a special mission visiting all parts of the world where Latter-day Saint missions have been established, for the purpose of collecting historial data connected with the missionary work. Elder Jenson left home May 11, 1895, since which time he has visited the missions in Hawaii, Tonga, Samoa, Society Islands, Australasia, and Turkey, including Palestine. He reached England July 31, 1896. Here he will remain for some time. Later on he expects to visit the various missions on the Continent.

The following named Elders from Utah arrived in Liverpool to-day, per American Line Steamer *Belgenland:* For the British Mission—William A. Bate, Riverton; William H. Pitt, Salt Lake City; William McMillan, Heber City. For the Swiss and German Mission—William Z. Terry, Richmond; Adolph Hafen, Santa Clara.

APPOINTMENTS.—Elder William A. Bate has been appointed to labor as Traveling Elder in the Irish Conference.

Elder William H. Pitt has been appointed to labor as Traveling Elder in the Norwich Conference.

Elder William McMillan has been appointed to labor as Traveling Elder in the Scottish Conference.

FROM VARIOUS MISSIONARY FIELDS.

UNDER date of August 27, 1896, President C. N. Lund, sends the following additional particulars concerning the death of Elder Björkman, a brief notice of which was published in the last number of the STAR:

"When last I wrote about the death of Elder Andrew Björkman, I promised you further information, but I did not receive it until yesterday. Brother Björkman arrived here, as before stated, on June 29, 1895, and was appointed by President Sundwall to labor in the Stockholm Conference. He labored in the Solvarbo Branch of said Conference, with Elder E

Lennberg up till the time of his death, which occurred on the 19th inst. The two Elders had separated with the understanding that they were to meet at a certain place a day or two later. On the 19th inst., Brother Björkman was staying with a family of Saints in Solvarbo, and was in his usual health. He had just finished eating his dinner and went with the folks out in the field. A few minutes later, they saw he was lying on the ground, they went to him and tried to arouse him but in vain. Some one then ran for the doctor. He came, and having examined the prostrate man, stated that the cause of his death was the breaking of a blood-vessel in his head. His partner was at this time some twenty-four miles away, and before the news reached him Elder Björkman had already been dead nearly two days. President Alquist of the Stockholm Conference with others started at once for the place and made all necessary arrangements for his burial. They purchased a lot in the cemetery, and had him clothed in his temple robes, and he was buried at the place aforementioned—Salvarbo, Circa, one hundred and twenty-five miles north-west from Stockholm, on Tuesday, August 25, at 5 p.m.

"Brother Björkman was born in Björklinge, Upland, Sweden, January 22, 1838; received the Gospel by baptism, May 18, 1864; emigrated to Utah in 1869. Of his family we know nothing. He resided in Salt Lake City.

"The foregoing is in brief the information that has come to us concerning him."

President Milford Williams of the Scottish Conference, writes as follows concerning the lively out-door meetings held recently in that Conference:

"I send you herewith a clipping from the *Cambuslang Pilot* of August 22, 1896, giving an account of an open-air meeting held at Garrion Bridge the previous Sunday. Elders Geo. Stuart and T. W. Jones began holding meetings there some time ago, and each succeeding Sunday has witnessed an increased attendance, which has caused a feeling of jealousy with some of the local preachers; and they have endeavored to prejudice the people, by telling them many thrilling stories of 'Mormonism,' all of which have been unheeded by the Elders or the people who came to listen. On the Sunday referred to Brother William Campbell and I, according to previous arrangements, went to assist the Elders in holding their meeting, and upon our arrival at the Bridge, found a large crowd numbering 3000 or 4000 waiting to hear the principles of Mormonism. After the regular opening services, Brother Stuart spoke upon the principles of the Gospel for about twenty-five minutes, I followed, occupying about the same length of time. Brother Campbell closed, bearing his testimony to the truth of the Gospel, and the divine mission of Joseph Smith, after which we closed by singing and prayer.

During the whole meeting, which lasted nearly an hour and a half, the utmost attention was paid and the best of order maintained. After our meeting closed a local preacher got up and began a tirade of abuse which lasted for about twenty minutes during which the crowd diminished to a few hundred, as some of them expressed to us afterwards, they had not come to listen to abuse, but wanted to hear the Gospel preached. Before closing, our antagonist announced that he would bring a book next

Sunday containing a history of the Mormons, and would show the people what we were. At the close of the meeting many came and shook hands with us and asked questions, all of which we answered to their satisfaction.

"Last Sunday the local preacher appeared on the scene, armed with Stenhouse's works, and after reading several selections continued his abuse of the Mormons, and wound up by saying that 'these men who are preaching their doctrine are worse if such a thing were possible than either Joseph Smith or Brigham Young.'

"We then read a few sketches from a book entitled 'Sinners and Saints' written by Mr. Phil. Robinson, of London, who spent three months in Utah among the Mormons. We also referred them to Bancroft's history of Utah, and gave them a few statistics of Utah and the Mormons, for 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The people listened with marked attention and we left with the good will of all. It is needless to say that our local friend (?) only increased the disgust of the listeners instead of making friends for him.

"The Elders are holding open-air meetings in all their districts and send in encouraging reports. All are feeling well and are working with commendable zeal."

Following is the account given by the *Cambuslang Pilot*, as mentioned above:

THE MORMONS AT CLYDESIDE.

For a few Sundays past, the usual quiet of the Clydeside at Garrion Bridge—the junction between Larkhall and Wishaw—has been disturbed by a series of meetings of a novel and rather lively nature, which bid fair to become historic unless the weather or the interference of the authorities has the effect of bringing them to a close. It seems that for some time past a party of missionaries from Utah have been engaged in "spreading the light of Mormonism" through the mining villages of Lanarkshire, and in the course of their peregrinations they have found their way to Wishaw.

At the various centres which have been visited, the meetings, which are usually held in the open-air, have been well attended, and with the exception of some little discussion and wrangling the gatherings have passed off quietly, and quite a number of "converts" are said to have been made. Some Sundays ago, a meeting was held at Garrion Bridge, the spot being chosen probably from the fact that a large number of people pass the point in taking an airing on the Sabbath evening. The first few meetings passed off quietly enough, the disciples of Messrs. Smith and Young getting leave to pour forth their eloquence without opposition. But this could not last. In most of the villages around this locality there are a number of people to whom the "truth" has been revealed, and it could not be expected that for a long time the Mormons would be allowed to trumpet forth their heresy without contradiction at least. At first questions began to be asked, and as the answers did not give satisfaction there was soon an opposition show started, and discussions were entered into which were not always carried on in the most dignified manner, the nasty language of some of the disputants being more in evidence than their good temper.

The chief outcome of the discussions up to the present time has been a closer searching of the scriptures for darts in the shape of texts, with which to pierce an opponent's armour, and in the meantime the meetings have grown to extraordinary dimensions.

The spot on which the meetings are held is one of the beautiful places on the Clyde. It is on the road from Hamilton to Lanark, on the west end of Garrion Bridge, and just at the junction of the Edinburgh and Ayr Road. On the side of the Lanark Road, across from the bridge, is a wall about four feet high, which forms the face of the embankment. This embankment makes a natural platform, from which the different speakers thunder forth their arguments and appeals. The audience swarm up the bank behind the speakers, or stand down on the ground in front, the position of matters making it easy for a good speaker to make his voice heard at the extreme end of a vast assembly.

The gathering on Sunday night was the largest which had yet been, and would certainly number 4000. The evening was pleasant, and the most of those present were drawn out by curiosity rather than from interest in anything that might be said. Men, women, and children, all in their Sunday best, made up the vast gathering; and it must be said that it was a very respectable as well as respectful meeting. Wishaw, Law, Overtown, Carluke, Larkhall, Rosebank, Crossford, and all the mining villages round about contributed their quota of hearers to swell the crowd, and there was nothing of what might be termed the rowdy element to be seen.

The old Clyde whimpled peacefully along, as it has done for ages; its banks and slopes turned into gardens for the cultivation of strawberries, or turning yellow with the ripening corn, almost ready for the harvest: Garrion Mill standing a little bit up the river, strong and massive, ready, with the assistance of the waters sweeping quietly past, to turn the corn into meal for the sustenance of man. The vast trees overhanging the roadway almost covered the preachers and the hearers; the leaves, which will soon carpet the roadway, were rustling with the slight wind that was blowing. The whole scene brought back to the mind the gatherings which in the past have taken place on the hills and in the valleys of Lanarkshire and Ayrshire, at a time when it was a crime to worship God in anything but the orthodox style. One must feel thankful for the freedom of speech and of worship which exists, though they may not possibly agree with all that is being said.

The gentlemen from the far West had the first innings on Sunday night, and three of them, one after another, took a turn in trying to convince the hearers that the Mormon church was the only true church, and theirs the only true prophet among the modern articles of the kind. Two of the missionaries are eloquent speakers, and made their appeal in calm and deliberate manner, avoiding, so far as possible, any bitterness even in statements which they knew would be contentious and contradicted by future speakers. The audience listened attentively, if without appreciation.

Then followed a gentleman with shining head and flowing beard, who took up the side of faith and baptism, and who undertook to prove, in a

very short time, that not only were the Mormons wrong, but that everyone else who thought differently from him was ensured of damnation. He began by calling the gentlemen who had just spoken his "Mormon friends," but he had not gone far until he proved conclusively that very little friendship existed, at least on his side, with any but his own sect His duty that night was to prove that miracles were a common thing among the apostles in the early history of the church, but that, from that time down to the present no miracles had been done, so that the Mormons, when they claimed to have effected miraculous cures were liars, and the truth was not in them. After proving to his own satisfaction that the Mormons and everybody else but his own sect were on the wrong track, he promised that on next Sabbath he would undertake to give a true history of the Mormons and their church, analyze their position, and ultimately annihilate them altogether, a statement which, instead of shrivelling up the missionaries, only made them smile.

Then followed a plain old Scotchman, who, in homely doric, laid bare his plan for the saving of mankind. He showed in his ten minutes innings that he was well up in the Scriptures, and showed little of the bitterness which characterized the last speaker. His voice was not very strong, and could not be heard at the outside of the crowd, which caused some little impatience. By the time he was finished it was clear to the audience that there was going to be a hard run for next place, already some half-dozen were standing with their book in their hand, with various passages marked to nail their argument without loss of time, and as there was no chairman to regulate the proceedings, the movements of the several would-be speakers were watched with interest. But Ireland came to the rescue, and put an end to the suspense. Hardly had the last word fallen from the lips of the old man when there was a sudden spring forward, a hat was thrown to the ground, and a shrill piercing voice, with a beautiful brogue, was heard by everyone in the meeting. At first there were some doubts as to where the voice came from, but this was soon set at rest. The speaker was at least half-a-dozen words in advance of the other candidates, who were waiting a decent period after the other speaker, before they began. "He who hesitates is lost," and they had to give way to a wild-eyed rather fierce-looking young man, who works hard "from six in the moring to six at night," and who, according to his opening statement, "was sent by God to deliver His message, so that the blood of the people might not rest upon him nor on his church." His special message was that all the people could get to heaven by simple faith, without either water or the laying on of hands. Anyone who said that baptism or the laying on of hands was necessary was going against the scripture, from which he quoted. The meeting was a bit amused by his experience of the night before, when he had led an erring sister right to the foot of the cross, and where, without money and without price, without water and without the laying on of hands, she had found salvation, and went on her way rejoicing.

The missionary work in the United States of America is prospering very satisfactorily, judging by the encouraging reports given by the Elders laboring there. Especially is the work progressing in the Southern States.

The newspapers in Utah are teeming with interesting letters from missionaries in all parts of the country. The reports are all encouraging, and show that great interest is being awakened among the people. Not only are the ordinary working classes of people taking interest in the Gospel message, but the wealthy people, the bankers, the merchants, the doctors, and the lawyers are investigating the doctrines taught. Many of the missionaries are traveling without purse or scrip, and depending entirely upon the Lord to provide for their wants. The signs are following the believers, as the Savior promised they should; and among other manifestations of the gifts of the Gospel is that of healing the sick. In a letter written to the *Deseret News* by Elder Joseph A. West, President of the Florida Conference, the appended account of a miraculous case of healing is given:

"A Mrs. Emily Houseman had been ailing for some time with an unknown trouble. The outward evidences were headache all the time, unsound in mind and having fits (as many as nine a day, at times.) She had two physicians examine her. They said nothing could be done to restore her health. Mrs. H. informed her husband and parents that the Elders could heal her, and begged to have them sent for.

"After the abandonment of every hope of her recovery and they had sufficiently derided the idea of sending for the servants of God, her husband repented, for he formerly had been very bitter toward us, and brought Elders Joseph Larson and E. L. Black. Several people gathered to witness the administration, but were apprised by Elder Larson that if they had come to see a miracle, they would not see it; and he invited those who did not believe in prayer to give the room to those who did. None left.

"After prayer and administration, Mrs. H. listened without pain and suffering until 10 o'clock p.m. to the Elders talk and sing. Being informed by Elder Black that she would sleep that night and that no one need sit up, as had been usual, she had unreserved faith in what he said. And so it was. She slept well till sunrise."

Elder L. W. Lund, another missionary laboring in Florida, in a letter to the President of his Conference, describes a similar occurrence to the one above narrated. He says:

"I wish to make mention to you that again the power of God has been made manifest, instantly, under our administration. It was in the case of a Mrs. Cribbs, who has been very ill for about five weeks. She was taken down very suddenly by fainting spells, or rather fits, and continued to grow worse. Finally a doctor was called in, who stated that he could relieve her at once. He continued to doctor her for two weeks, but with no satisfactory results. Finally he called in another and they both counseled about the case, and both have been doctoring her for some time, she growing worse every day. Her parents had given up all hopes of her recovery. In fact, the doctors stated to those outside the family circle that they could do nothing to help her. All had given up in despair. About that time Elder Heber C. Blood and myself arrived in their little settlement, and the family being our friends sent for us to come at once

and administer to her. We did so, and she at once felt much better, but was taken worse again next day, and we administered again. A wonderful change for the better took place immediately, and that day she arose and walked all around the house a number of times. Now she states she is feeling all right in every respect."

UTAH NEWS.

(Summarized from the papers of the State.)

This year Hon. John R. Barnes of Kaysville raised 839 bushels of barley on eight acres, or over 104 bushels per acre.

Utah contains the only sulphur mines of note in America. The most extensive deposits are at Cove Creek, and the product is 98 per cent. pure.

The great pavilion at Saltair is a source of surprise to tourists. No other summer resort on earth is so well equipped to cater to the comfort and pleasure of visitors.

There is a much larger sugar beet crop this year than ever and the prospects are good for a large yield. The recent rains have kept the ground in good condition and the beet fields are all looking well. The late spring may make the harvest a little later than last year but it will depend a great deal on the weather for the next month.

It is now an understood fact that the Tabernacle Choir, 300 strong, will attend the Eisteddfod to be held in Denver, Colorado, in September. The Eisteddfod committee and the people of Denver thoroughly realize the attractive power of the now most noted choir in America, and have risen bodily to entertain the Salt Lake singers during their sojourn in the Centennial state. Besides sheltering and entertaining them they will donate a sum of money towards paying their railroad expenses, which, together with $1,500 the singers will pay and about $1,500 raised by subscriptions and concerts, will see them through all right. The choir as a body will not contest for any of the prizes, but it is expected that a ladies' and gent's chorus and several solos and duets will be contested for by some of the members.

Authoritative reports sum up the precious metal output of Utah for 1895 as 75,000 ounces of gold and 8,000,000 ounces of silver. The coinage value of the gold amounts to $1,500,000, and the market value of the silver about $5,360,000. The silver product comes mainly from Summit and Juab Counties. Summit embraces the Park City district and Juab that of Tintic. The principal gold regions are, so far as the showing for 1895 goes, Juab and Tooele Counties, the latter embracing the Camp Floyd or Mercur district. The Ontario, of Park City, and the Bullion-Beck, of Tintic, each has a record of having produced in 1895 over a million ounces in silver. The Centennial Eureka, of Tintic, produced about 900,000 ounces. Among other big silver producers of the State are the Silver King and Daly, at Park City, the Horn Silver, at Frisco, and Packard and Eureka Hill. Among the gold mines the Mercur and the Mammoth produced each over $250,000.

The Ontario Mine at Park City, Utah, is the greatest silver mine in the world. Its shaft has reached a vertical depth of 1,535 feet, down into which the visitor is taken by means of the hoisting cage. It has a drain tunnel three miles in length, the digging of which was necessitated by the vast amount of water encountered in and through the mine. Several years ago a Corliss pump, 35 feet in diameter, with a capacity of 3,000 gallons per minute, was placed in position by the company and operated to keep the mine dry; but now its use is no longer a necessity, except at intervals when the water is exceptionally troublesome. The shaft is timbered to perfection, so to speak, as is also the drain tunnel, and the air and work tunnels. The mine has connection by tunnels with the Daly and Daly West mines both of which are located several miles distant. Old levels long since cleaned out and deprived of their valuable silver deposits, have been